

# THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

## NO. 5.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

*An essay upon the influence of the French revolution on letters and science, on the continent of Europe, and that which their decline may produce upon taste in America.*

*Le tems présent est gros de l'avenir !*

LEIBNITZ.

The present time is big with the future.

HOWEVER favourably my sylphick eccentricities may have been received, by those choice spirits, who have entered into my motives and have known how to appreciate the honourable and patriotic feelings that inspired them, I must yet, for a moment set all levity aside, and explain with as much gravity as is possible to a Sylph, the object I had in view, in making you the depository of my daily observations.

To serve our country in vindicating taste, that is, in labouring to refine and to improve it; to correct manners by blending the gay smiles of Momus, with the severer frowns of reason, and thus to temper the severity of censure and enliven the dullness of precept: such has been the double end I have endeavoured to attain, and to this purpose I have made choice of the motto's, in the spirit of which I have conceived and communicated my observations to you.

My railleries have not been prompted by an inclination to sarcasm; let no one mistake me; but I have been most anxious to contribute my feeble efforts towards urging onward the Car of America in the glorious career, that is opened to her by the approaching barbarism which advances with giant steps to overwhelm Europe.

It is because this catastrophe, like the sword of Damo-

cles,\* is suspended only by a single hair, that I would wish to see the developement of taste accelerated in this country, which might place it in such a state, as to enable it to profit by a concurrence of circumstances as favourable as uncommon.

Let us take a retrospective glance of the past, and it will instruct us, with regard to present, as well as future events, which may so easily be made subservient to the interests of the new world.

Already when, as at this moment, Europe was inundated with blood and barbarians, the celestial muses, daughters of heaven, resumed their flight towards Olympus, leaving man a prey to ignorance, and fury; at this eventful period Rome was sacked, the Empire of the West was thrown into disorder; and the Saracens and the Lombards arrived to complete, what internal divisions had begun. But seizing the first moment of tranquillity, that fatigued and exhausted humanity was at length obliged to seek, the immortal Medicis invoked the spirits of Greece and Rome, and on the still smoking ruins, that savage vandalism had every where spread, they erected altars and temples to the graces. The sisters, with their brilliant train, again descended upon the earth, covered with ashes, and bathed with the tears of miserable mortals, and the dawn of a splendid day, once more re-animated drooping science.

But although it be true that there is nothing new under the sun, it is equally true, that the same events, are never a second time produced with the same circumstances, and in the same places. Thus if the sword of the exterminating angel, continues to ravage the ancient continent, we

\* Damocles was a flatterer, who affected to admire the great good fortune of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, who like all tyrants internally despised flatterers; to give Damocles a proof of this, Dionysius invited him to a feast, during which he had a naked sword suspended over his head by a single hair; Damocles felt the lesson, and immediately asked permission of Dionysius to retire to the mediocrity of condition in which alone he could find security.



may as well expect to see the star of day retrograde in its progress, as that the blaze of genius will be rekindled there, until the long dark night of barbarism, shall have spent its gloomy course.

The sands of Africa, have swallowed up Thebes and Memphis, and nothing less than the gigantic masses of Egypt, could have preserved the first traces of art, on the banks of the Nile.\* We know that the haughty Babylon, was once the wonder of the world. Lorn, and unwholesome marshes have usurped its place; vast and majestic ruins, but mark the spot where once were Persepolis† and Palmyra;‡ of Troy, the ashes alone remain and the magnificent mementos she owes to Homer: Greece itself only offers melancholy ruins, & the genius which enlightened these countries, has disappeared with the celebrated nations who inhabited them. Thus in following the luminous path of genius from its cradle into Italy, it seems evident, that destiny has condemned it never to re-appear, where it has once reigned. In a single instance only we have seen it deviate from this course, at the period of the revival of letters in the 16th century, when a new world was not yet known, which whenever Europe is again placed in the same situation, must occasion an incalculable difference in her fate.

The hour fatal to science, in Europe it may be predicted has arrived, and those only who are totally ignorant of the revolution that for seventeen years has passed beneath our eyes, and of its infinite and inevitable consequences, upon the education, the literature, the morals and the fate of all the nations of the universe, can hazard a doubt upon the approaching fall of taste and science, in this celebrated, but unfortunate part of the world.

Since however the truth of this assertion, may be questioned by those whose distance from the scene of action, has necessarily precluded them from a knowledge of the various incidents that have occurred, I ought to dwell upon the proofs, which may justify it, and they merit so much the more attention as the consequences I would deduce from them are devoted to the interests of this nation,

\* The base of the largest pyramid of Egypt covers 11 acres of ground; it is 480 French feet high. The labyrinth encloses 12 palaces and a thousand houses. The colossuses of Memnon although seated are each about 50 feet high. And the bust of the sphynx is 28 feet high.

† The ruins of the palace of Persepolis have 650 feet front, and 480 of depth.

‡ The columns of the temple of the sun, are 50 English feet high; and the vestiges of one of the palaces of this city which the Queen Zenobia rendered so famous, is a quarter of a mile long, and 42 feet high.

and are the result of my own individual experience, since I may say with regard to the events of the present age, as did Æneas of the overthrow of his country; "all that I saw, and part of which I was."

Previous to the revolution of 1789, two grand evils had already sapped the foundation of morals and literature. These were the rage for philosophy, and the mania for analyzing in every walk of study, & of science. The former ridiculed the worship of the divinity, the ministers of the gospel of whatever persuasion they might be: & introduced universal scepticism, while the latter if I may use the expression, volatilized every study.

Men of learning only were competent to this system of analysis, because it was the fruit of long, and dry, and profound research, but those who read only abridgements, and who were ignorant of the motives of the authors in the choice of the materials selected, adopted opinions without taking the pains to form their own judgment, and thus retained only nomenclatures, as propitious to the indolence of the mind, as to the self-sufficiency of vanity.

In reducing every species of knowledge to so limited a compass, every one was enabled to skim the surface of science, and thus the number of half learned and consequently of stubborn fools was multiplied. In boasting the wide extension of knowledge, that the 18th century has diffused, it has been forgotten, that the solidity of learning, has been superceded, by acquisitions merely superficial, when then in this state of things, a furious crisis took place, which threw every thing into disorder, of course every principle was overthrown, with a rapidity hitherto without example. Revolutionary frenzy wherever it reached destroyed with incredible activity, all learned societies, the depositories of letters, & an immense number of the monuments of the arts, as well as the historical archives of provinces and nations. And until a very recent period, when interest compelled these revolutionary monsters, to utter a shameless recantation of every principle they had proclaimed, that they might secure the peaceable possession of the fruits of their atrocious crimes, they successfully disseminated the most extravagant but at the same time the most plausible doctrines, announcing every where that there was no God, no future state of existence, no inequality amongst men; that all respected opinions, were but pitiable prejudices; that decency was a fault, birth and riches were crimes, fidelity to sovereigns fanaticism, in short they decided that all religion was puerility, all worship mummery; if ever the words of the psalmist were true, *abyssus, abyss-*

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*sum invocat*,\* most indubitably it is in a revolution, where one abuse authorizes another, where one crime engenders a thousand outrages, which in their turn create an endless train of disorders: thus denunciation, which was at first ranked amongst the number of patriotic duties, soon fashioned the minds of men to the dreadful system of *espionnage* which at present infests every class of society—and which is the very last degree of the gangrene of the human heart. While the unrelenting arm of fury cut down every man whatever might be his rank who either from habit or from principle, persevered in his original sentiments. The tutelary sword of the sovereigns being wrested from their hands, the altar was left without protection, and the ministers of the gospel were obliged to abandon their flocks, or what was still more pernicious, to ensure the preservation of their lives they were compelled to temporize principles which they had hitherto represented as sacred and inviolable.

This evil was accompanied by another, the perpetual example of *perjury*. It is too well known how many miserable beings, pressed by violence and fear, by interest or necessity, submitted to every oath that was exacted of them; these oaths were often annulled as soon as taken; they resorted to sophistry to justify themselves; but the coarse logic of the people was deceived, only while their passions were flattered they no longer attached any importance to a sacred act, which the ministers themselves rendered contemptible, and according to the idea of the eloquent Chrysostome,† oaths lost their solemnity, by the frequency of their repetition; whatever was awful in religion was banished as a puerile superstition and the fidelity of private engagements, as well as the duties that the citizen owes to his country were equally undermined by this irreparable evil.

Even the empire of beauty suffered from the general depravation of morals. The dreadful system of divorce shamefully reduced it to a brutal and ephemeral influence, which in debasing the female sex, deprived them of that magic power, with which a wise providence had endued them, to ameliorate the manners, and soften the ferocity natural to man.

The respect of children for their parents, and of servants for their masters was destroyed by this multiplication of disorders. An impious and insubordinate genera-

\* One abyss involves another.

† This name which signifies mouth of gold, was given to John, Patriarch of Constantinople, on account of his amazing eloquence; this great man died at the beginning of the 5th century.

tion arose, and having no longer any examples of virtue before them, they never ceased to make the chiefs they had chosen tremble, until, to borrow the words of Tacitus, they themselves turned pale, before tyrants, whose atrocities, exceeding their own, gave them the ascendancy over them.

Exterminating despotism now issued from its dark abyss, environed with its disastrous train of devouring locusts,† and reduced to the rank of beasts of burthen, those whom ingratitude or delirium had for a season transformed into ungovernable and ferocious animals. The ambitious and the impious quickly availed themselves of the advantages offered them by the shameful inconsistencies of the clergy; they pointed them out to the observation of the people, while they smiled at the snare they had spread, into which the weakness or the cupidity of these men had drawn them. These cowardly ministers, equally despised by those whom they had abandoned or betrayed, as well as those whom they had flattered, and whose enormities of every kind, they had so basely consecrated, the charm (if I may be allowed the expression) which had hitherto surrounded them was annihilated, and with it, the interest that persecution had inspired in their favour. Thus was the axe laid to the very root of the respect which the people might have still cherished for morality, of which the clergy, were until then considered the sacred depositories and the incorruptible guardians.

On the other hand, education was attacked in its very principles, by the terrible system of conscription, which forces the youth into armies (the most licentious that ever existed) at an age when inexperience must be complete, & the passions are in their utmost effervescence. This evil was so much the greater, as private education was prohibited by a formal decree, and men of a merit so distinguished as to be safely entrusted with this most important function, which constitutes the hope of a country, being obliged to fly, public education was left now in the hands of the vulgar and illiterate and then in that of those still more impure.

Too much abandoned, even almost from infancy to military exercises, in lyceums, which consist but of recruits, the youth who were to leave these schools when of an age to be enrolled in the armies, breathed only for war. They aspired impatiently for the moment, which should give

† Apocalypse, chap. 9, the 11th verse says that the locusts had for their king, the angel of the abyss, whose name is *Apollyon*, that is, the exterminator. I have made this observation, because of a certain singular analogy of the name.



them the signal for joining the standards, and freeing them from the importunity of tutors, and the censure of parents ; in a word when they would enjoy the tumultuous independance of the military life, and reap the advantages which inexperience promised itself from the hazards and disorders which are its habitual attendants.

The military eclat of so many obscure names kindled the spark of ambition in classes, in which it had been hitherto unknown. The glowing imaginations of the young men were on fire, when they perpetually saw instances of such extraordinary fortunes so easily obtained, and like Correggio, who felt himself a painter on beholding the works of Raphael, every one of them exclaimed at the sight of so many corporals rendered illustrious, *I too am a general.\**

Every idea being thus directed towards war, ambition and licentiousness, learning met with a mortal and incurable wound ; and as every thing to which motion is once given, accelerates in velocity, so these devastating germs, were daily developed with rapidity beyond expression, and its effects will be the more complete, when the scattered remains of the present generation of learned men, shall be no more, or will exist only in silence and in voluntary exile, where solitude extinguishes the energies of the mind, and genius languishes for want of encouragement.

It would be forming but a false and imperfect idea of this scourge to suppose it peculiar to France : since almost all the powers of Europe have been compelled to adopt this military system in their own defence, and thus to partake with that ill-fated country, not only all the horrors of war, but also those of the ignorance and corruption, which are its dreadful and inevitable consequences.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

\* This expression of Correggio's has become celebrated. When he beheld for the first time the sublime paintings of Raphael, after a moment of astonishment he exclaimed, "son pittoreauche so," "I too am a Painter." In citing this trait in the life of this great man, it may be as well to observe, that he was the founder of the School of Lombardy, and that he died in 1534, aged 40 years.

Mr. Easy,

The public attention has lately been attracted by a singular work entitled the Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud. From the name of this work, and the pompous eulogiums by which it was preceded, hopes were

entertained of seeing those principles developed which of late years have actuated the empire of the French. To be admitted into the councils of emperors and kings, is a thought so flattering to human nature as not to be contemplated without the highest exultation. But more than all, an exact delineation of those characters who at present figure in the court of St. Cloud is an object to which we looked forward with the most anxious expectation. During that event which opened at first upon the fairest paradise of hope, and step by step gradually proceeded to alarm, to disappoint, to ruin and despair, individual champions attracted but a small share of attention, and were lost amidst the horrors and convulsions of that great catastrophe. When the ferment which had raised into tumult the stationary elements of society had subsided ; when presumption was silenced and faction seemed to have lost its effrontery, expectations were formed of something like a true history of those who had acted in that important drama. But so strong are the prejudices which those times have left behind them that this desideratum is not likely to be accomplished until time shall have swept away the present generation and erected a new standard of men and things. The work under consideration, is likely to afford but little satisfaction either to the politician or historian. It is at best but the poor performance of a print shop, and no more resembles the true picture of St. Cloud, than the exaggerated outlines of the caricaturist do the correct & well defined contours of the painter. Every part of the work bears marks of this overcharged delineation ; who, for instance, would suppose the warrior of Marengo, of Lodi and Egypt, to be the disgusting portrait which stands for Buonaparte ? Milton has not depicted his fiends in gloomier colors than has this writer some of the leading characters in France. And yet this band of demons is suffered to wield unmolested the constitution of a great and enlightened nation. That fraud, dissimulation and intrigue act their part, as they have always done, in the court of St. Cloud, no one will pretend to deny ; neither is it to be doubted that many of the characters who shine there most conspicuously have on them the foul stains of atrocious crime. Buonaparte himself, in his progress from obscurity to grandeur, has acted the dissimulator, and attained by sinister arts that elevation on which he now stands. But is there any one who will deny that to many unfavourable qualities he unites the transcendant talents of the warrior and the statesman. However odious under the robes of imperial costume he may appear to the friends of liberty, to the politician he has acted a distinguished and illustrious part. He has concentrated the force of a great nation by uniting it under a go-

vernment, more suitable to the times. Rosseau and compare the archaic times with a man who, of democracy and disorder and it would be possible. But in a nation the pure insurrection is ordained" institutions of the free. Their long fostered democracy, ferocious Buonaparte disposed to the thets by wh

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government, hard indeed, but, it must be confessed, far more suitable to its genius than the licentious systems of Rousseau and Voltaire. When future ages shall come to compare the reign of Napoleone I. with the bloody & anarchic times of Robespierre & Marat, they will eulogize the man who, even by sinister arts, quelled the wild delirium of democracy and introduced into France the light of order and distinction. We are no advocates for tyranny, and it would have given us deep-felt pleasure if the thing were possible, to have seen a republic established in France. But in a nation where corruption had struck so deep a root the pure institution of liberty could never flourish. "It is ordained" says an eminent writer, "in the eternal constitutions of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." Endow a people long fostered in the arms of luxury & vice with the powers of democracy, and you loosen upon the world a savage and ferocious monster. We are therefore far from viewing Buonaparte in the light of an usurper and a tyrant, and are disposed to think posterity will reverse many of those epithets by which his character is now blackened and defamed.

P.

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 'All the accounts of the life of Cervantes, which have hitherto been prefixed to his works, appear to have been chiefly founded on simple conjecture; they are grossly imperfect in the most essential parts of biography; not only dates and names, but even material facts, being either incorrectly stated, or strangely misrepresented. As every thing which tends to afford a more perfect knowledge of this inimitable author, must prove highly acceptable to every lover of pure wit and strong humour, we trust the following authentic sketch of his life, taken from the French of De Florian, will be received as a pledge of our zeal to gratify the taste of our readers.'

### THE LIFE OF CERVANTES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE FLORIAN.

Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, whose works have done honour to his country, amused Europe, and corrected the taste of the age in which he wrote; lived poor and wretched, and died forgotten. It is not many years since the true place of his birth was unknown; Madrid, Seville, Lucena, and Alcala, have each of them claimed that honour. Cervantes, like Homer, Camoens, and many other great men, found several countries willing to own him after his death, though he wanted common necessities during his life.

The Spanish academy, beneath the auspices of royalty, have recently paid that homage to Cervantes—which Spain had too long withheld—by publishing a magnificent edition of Don Quixote. It seems that they thought this display of typographical pomp was sufficient to atone for the nation's shameful neglect of the author, whose life is prefixed, written, after an investigation the most laborious and exact, by an academician of distinction; whose authority I shall follow in all matters of fact.

Cervantes was by birth a gentleman; the son of Rodrigo de Cervantes and Léonora de Cortinas. He was born at Alcala de Hénareès, a city of new Castile, on the ninth of October, in the year 1547, under the reign of Charles the Fifth.

From his earliest infancy, he displayed a taste for reading. He commenced his studies at Madrid, under a celebrated professor, and speedily excelled the most able of his fellow students. Latin theology formed the fashionable science of the times, and the parents of Cervantes intended him either for an ecclesiastic or a physician, the only useful professions in Spain; but he had a failing in common with many great poets, to make verses in spite of his father. The first essays of his youthful muse were, an Elegy on the death of Queen Isabella of Valois; several sonnets; and a little poem entitled *Filene*. The cool reception which these works experienced being considered by their author, as an instance of injustice, he quitted Spain, and repaired to Rome; where his poverty compelled him to accept the place of valet-de-chambre to the Cardinal Aquaviva.

Being soon disgusted with an occupation so little suitable to his genius, Cervantes became a soldier, and displayed great courage at the famous battle of Lepanta, gained over the Turks by Don John of Austria in 1571, where he was wounded in the left hand by the shot of an arquebus. The recompense for this wound was an admission in the hospital at Messina.

When he left the hospital, the profession of an invalid soldier appearing to him preferable to that of a neglected poet, he enlisted himself in a new regiment quartered at Naples, where he passed three years. As he was returning to Spain, in a galley belonging to Philip the second, he was taken by Arnaut Mami, a famous pirate, and conducted to Algiers. Though fortune continually frowned on this unhappy victim of her displeasure, she was unable to subdue his courage. Cervantes, though the slave of a cruel master, and certain that death aggravated by torture, would be the infallible consequence of any attempt to recover his liberty, concerted the plan of his escape,



with fourteen captives of his own country. They agreed to purchase the freedom of one of themselves, who should return to Spain, and come back in a vessel to fetch the others. This project, however, was more easily conceived than executed; in the first place, they had to collect sufficient money for the ransom of a prisoner; then to effect their escape from their different masters; and to remain together undiscovered, till the arrival of the vessel.

Such a complication of difficulties appeared insurmountable; but the love of liberty overcame them all. A Navarrese captive, who was employed by his master in the cultivation of an extensive garden by the sea side, undertook to dig in the most retired part of it, a subterranean cavern, sufficiently large to contain the fifteen Spaniards. He was too years in completing this work, during which time they gained, either by begging, or by extraordinary labour, money enough to ransom a native of Majorca, named Viana; a man on whose fidelity they could rely, and who was well acquainted with the coast of Barbary. After every thing was prepared, it took six months for the confederates to effect their escape; Viana then purchased his freedom, and departed, having bound himself, by a solemn oath, to return in a short time.

Cervantes had been the soul of the enterprize; it was he who undertook, every night, to sally forth in search of provisions, with which he returned to his companions, as soon as the day began to dawn. The gardener, who was under no necessity of concealing himself, kept his eyes continually fixed on the sea, to discover the approach of the vessel.

Viana kept his word. When he arrived at Majorca, he went to the viceroy, and having explained to him the nature of his enterprize, obtained a brig, with which he sailed to the relief of his comrades. He arrived on the coast of Algiers, on the twenty-eighth of September 1577, a month after his departure from thence. Though it was night, he had taken his observations with such exactness, that he sailed directly to the garden, where the captives were waiting, with impatience, for his arrival. The gardener who was on the watch, descried the ship, & ran to give notice of his approach, to the fifteen Spaniards. This happy news made them forget all their misfortunes; they embraced each other, and rushing out of their hiding-place, they beheld with tears of joy, the ship that was destined to release them from slavery. But alas! at the very moment that the prow touched the shore, several Moors passed by, and, discovering the Christians, called to arms. Viana, trembling with fear, put out to sea, and disappear-

ed; while the miserable captives were compelled to return with precipitation to their subterranean cavern.

Cervantes encouraged them with hopes that Viana would return; but these hopes proved fallacious, as they never saw him more. Anxiety, and the dampness of their confined and unwholesome retreat, reducing several of his wretched comrades to the brink of the grave, he was no longer adequate to the task of providing for their wants, now multiplied by sickness; he therefore chose one of them for his assistant, and dispatched him in search of provisions. Unfortunately he had pitched upon a traitor, who went to the king of Algiers, and turning mussulman, conducted a band of soldiers to the cave, who took the Spaniards prisoners. Being brought before the king, he promised to spare their lives, on condition they should give up the author of their enterprize: "I am the author of it," said Cervantes, "take my life, and spare my brethren." The king, however, admiring his intrepidity, contented himself with restoring him to his old master, Arnaut Mami, who would not take away the life of so brave a man. But the unfortunate gardener, who had digged the cave, was hung up by one foot, and there left to expire.

But neither the frowns of fortune, nor the treachery of his friends, could discourage Cervantes from making new attempts to recover his liberty. Four times he failed, and was on the point of being impaled alive. His last plan was to promote a general insurrection of the slaves, and attack Algiers; but though the conspiracy was discovered, still the life of Cervantes was spared; so true is it that real courage commands respect, even from barbarians.

It is probable that Cervantes meant to speak of himself, in the tale of *The Captive*, one of the most interesting in Don Quixote, when he says, "that the cruel Hassan, king of Algiers, never shewed mercy to any, except to one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier, who often run the risk of incurring the most dreadful punishment, and formed enterprizes, which will not be soon forgotten by the infidels."

The king of Algiers, however, anxious to gain possession of such a formidable captive, bought Cervantes of Arnaut Mami, and had him closely watched. But that prince, being soon after obliged to go to Constantinople, caused application to be made to the court of Spain for the ransom of his prisoner. Leonora de Cortinas, the mother of Cervantes, being left a widow, and extremely poor, sold every thing she possessed, & repaired to Madrid with three hundred ducats, which she presented to the Fathers of the Trinity, who were charged with the redemption of the captives.

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being greatly inadequate to the purchase ; as Hassan demanded five hundred crowns of gold ; the Fathers of the Trinity, moved by compassion, made up the deficiency, and Cervantes was set at liberty on the nineteenth of September 1580, after being five years in slavery.

(To be concluded next week.)

### VARIETY.

From a volume of poems written by Anacreon Moore, which we have just received, we select the following beautiful address to the Flying Fish ; and some Stanzas that appear to have been written after a storm. This gentleman is one of the most fascinating poets that ever wrote. It is to be regretted that his productions, are sometimes too free for female perusal. But yet, every author, almost without exception, who has shone in poetry, has more or less the same fault, and amongst the writings of Mr. Moore there are many effusions upon which the eye of celestial purity might dwell without a blush.

#### TO THE FLYING-FISH.

When I have seen thy snowy wing  
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,  
And give those scales, of silver white,  
So gaily to the eye of light,  
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,  
And live amid the glorious skies ;  
Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,  
How like thy wing's impatient zeal  
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest  
Upon the world's ignoble breast,  
But takes the plume that God has given,  
And rises into light and heaven !  
But when I see that wing, so bright,  
Grow languid with a moment's flight,  
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,  
And sink into the waves again ;  
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;  
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,  
But erring man must blush to think,  
Like thee, again the soul may sink !

Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,  
Let not my spirit's flight be weak :  
Let me not, like this feeble thing,  
With brine still drooping from its wing,  
Just sparkle in the solar glow,  
And plunge again to depths below ;  
But, when I leave the grosser throng  
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,  
Let me in that aspiring day,  
Cast every lingering stain away,  
And, panting for thy purer air,  
Fly up at once and fix me there !

#### STANZAS.

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,  
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,  
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,  
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er !

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,  
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,  
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,  
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled !

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone  
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh ;  
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known  
Was pity for those who were wiser than I !

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire  
In luxury loses its heavenly ray ;  
How soon in the lavishing cup of desire,  
The pearl of the soul may be melted away !

And I pray'd of that spirit, who lighted the flame,  
That pleasure no more might its purity dim ;  
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,  
I must give back the gem I had borrow'd from him !

The thought was extatic ! I felt as if Heaven  
Had already the wreath of eternity shown ;  
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,  
My heart had begun to be purely its own !

I look'd to the West, and the beautiful sky  
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—  
“ Oh ! thus,” I exclaim'd, “ can a heavenly eye  
“ Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before !”

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The opposition of sentiment contained in two of the papers to which we give publication to-day, affords ample proof, that totally unbiassed by prejudice, we welcome to our pages, every communication that bears the stamp of taste and talent. From illiberal personalities, and petulant contentions, which transform authors into gladiators, and convert the temple of the muses into a pugilistic theatre, we shrink with horror ; but persuaded that the candid discussion of opinion, tends to improve the judgment and enlarge the understanding, we shall receive with pleasure, all communications however varying in sentiment, which are written in such a style as to merit being presented to our readers.

We regret the necessity we are under of dividing the confidential communications of our Sylph into several parts ; but the essay is too long for the limits of our paper. Its subject is extremely interesting, and will doubtless awaken the attention of our readers to a perusal of its continuation. Our ærial correspondent, displays a diversity of talent which is a strong characteristic of genius : now grave, now playful, now the deep reasoning of the logician, and then the easy badinage of sportive fancy, he diffuses a new charm through his compositions, and in the versatility of his style adapts himself to every taste. A few such writers would soon elevate the Companion, to no small point of literary eminence.

We have some favours to acknowledge, but have not at this moment time to enumerate them.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

TO—

When first to those dear little lips I press'd mine,  
My heart flutter'd strangely, I could not think why;  
Yet thought, as I held it so closely to thine,  
They both throb'd together, and both heav'd the sigh:

And when o'er thy fair cheek the warm crimson rush'd,  
At thought of the mischief our kissing might do;  
'Twas chiding so gently, that mine deeper blush'd,  
As softly consenting, I own'd it was true.

But oh! when you told me, that sweet pouting lip,  
Had never been press'd by a mortal's before,  
Why wonder that I should again wish to sip,  
Or ask you to give me that blessing once more?

O Anna! that minute so fraught with delight,  
Tho' fate should deny us such rapture again,  
Still, still that dear minute shall fancy make bright,  
And long shall those love-breathing murmurs remain.

FREDERICK.

Mr. Easy,

The following note was written by a young lady to a gentleman, whom she wished to attend her on an excursion. His answer is subjoined; if you think them entitled to a place among the crowd of original communications, you will oblige a friend by their insertion.

Ab! let thy gentle, generous heart  
To Ellen's humble suit attend,  
And from this noisy town depart  
To please thy lover and thy friend.

E.

ANSWER.

Sweet lovely maid! at thy command  
I'll go where'er thy footsteps stray;  
And in such paths delighted rove  
With thee, companion of my way.

F.

## TO THE SWALLOW.

Little fluttering thing away,  
That wakes me with thy noisy lay,  
Ere the sun has fring'd with gold  
The roseate clouds that morn enfold,  
Oft in sleep the nymph I've prest,  
And held her blushing to my breast,  
When thy little hateful scream  
Has chas'd away the happy dream.

FLORUS.

Phœbus, once with frantic tread  
Paced the silent mountain's head  
And 'midst the forests dangled shade  
Enamoured sought his lovely maid;  
For Daphne's form his soul possess'd;  
And heav'd with cares his anxious breast:  
But ah! in vain his bosom burns,  
In vain in accents soft he mourns,  
The power of love the nymph defies  
And from the god's embraces flies;  
In vain he sought her steps to stay;  
Ah! why thus Daphne, speed away?  
Behold a god! who burns for you,  
In me no common swain you view;  
My altars flame on Chrysa's shores  
And Tenedos my name adores,  
Nor prayer nor boasts, her steps detain;  
Nor craggy steeps her flight restrain.  
Swift as a deer which dogs pursue  
Along the mountain clift she flew;  
The sportive zephyrs toss'd in air  
The tresses of her golden hair;  
While wanton on the fluttering wind  
Her azure garments blaz'd behind;  
And oh! shall I ere hope to press  
Yon scornful fair one to my breast;  
Ere hope in bliss entranc'd to lie,  
And kiss the maid for whom I sigh,  
When Phœbus' self was forced to prove  
The cruel pangs of hopeless love.

FLORUS.

## THE PIRENNIAL ROSE.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Anonymous.

Let others sing the rose of June  
In strains both loud and clear;  
My muse a rose's praise shall tune,  
That blooms throughout the year.

Start not, ye florists, in surprize,  
To hear of such a flow'r  
Blowing beneath our northern skies  
In spite of winter's power.

Would you the favoured spot explore  
Where it expands its charms?  
That spot lies sometimes near D—,  
But oftener at G—.

Your steps let due discretion guide,  
When you approach the gem;  
'Tis sensitive, and can't abide;  
The rude to touch its stem.

'Tis only to the gentle swain  
Its beauties it discloses,  
Thrice happy, whom his fate ordains  
To pluck this queen of roses.